



Pottatoes O! two Pound a Penny, five
Pound Two-pence.

POTTATOES are a dainty treat,
The Connaught men among,
Who little else can get to eat,
For many a twelvemonth long.

The Cheshire men devour with glee,
Pottatoes and fower milk;
The one goes down like beef, d'ye see
The other soft as silk.